

33
1988 image

REMENDER • CRAIG • BOYD

DEADLY CLASS

PART 2

LOVE LIKE BLOOD

The Story So Far...

The freshman class of Kings Dominion School of the Deadly Arts has had a killer first semester. United by sharing the top of the hit list of Shabnam’s power-mad Student Body Council, Quan, a Vietnamese/American Rockabilly; Zenzele, refugee of an African civil war; Helmut, an East German metalhead; and Tosahwi, a Native American skate punk, have become friends.

Things got complicated when Saya, tasked with watching over Zenzele by the school’s headmaster, was kidnapped by her brother Kenji, who was determined to ruin Saya’s standing within the school and consolidate his control over Yakuza family both he and Saya hold claim to. To make matters worse, the dagger in Saya’s back had Quan’s fingerprints all over it.

Now, Quan is further blackmailed by Kenji to find Marcus Lopez, Saya’s former lover whom she “killed” during the Freshman Finals culling exam, but secretly helped escape to Mexico where he was reunited with his girlfriend Maria. If it comes out that Marcus is still alive and Saya lied, both her honor and future at the school would be forfeit.

RICK REMENDER • Writer
WES CRAIG • Artist
JORDAN BOYD • Colorist
RUS WOOTON • Letterer
SEBASTIAN GIRNER • Editor

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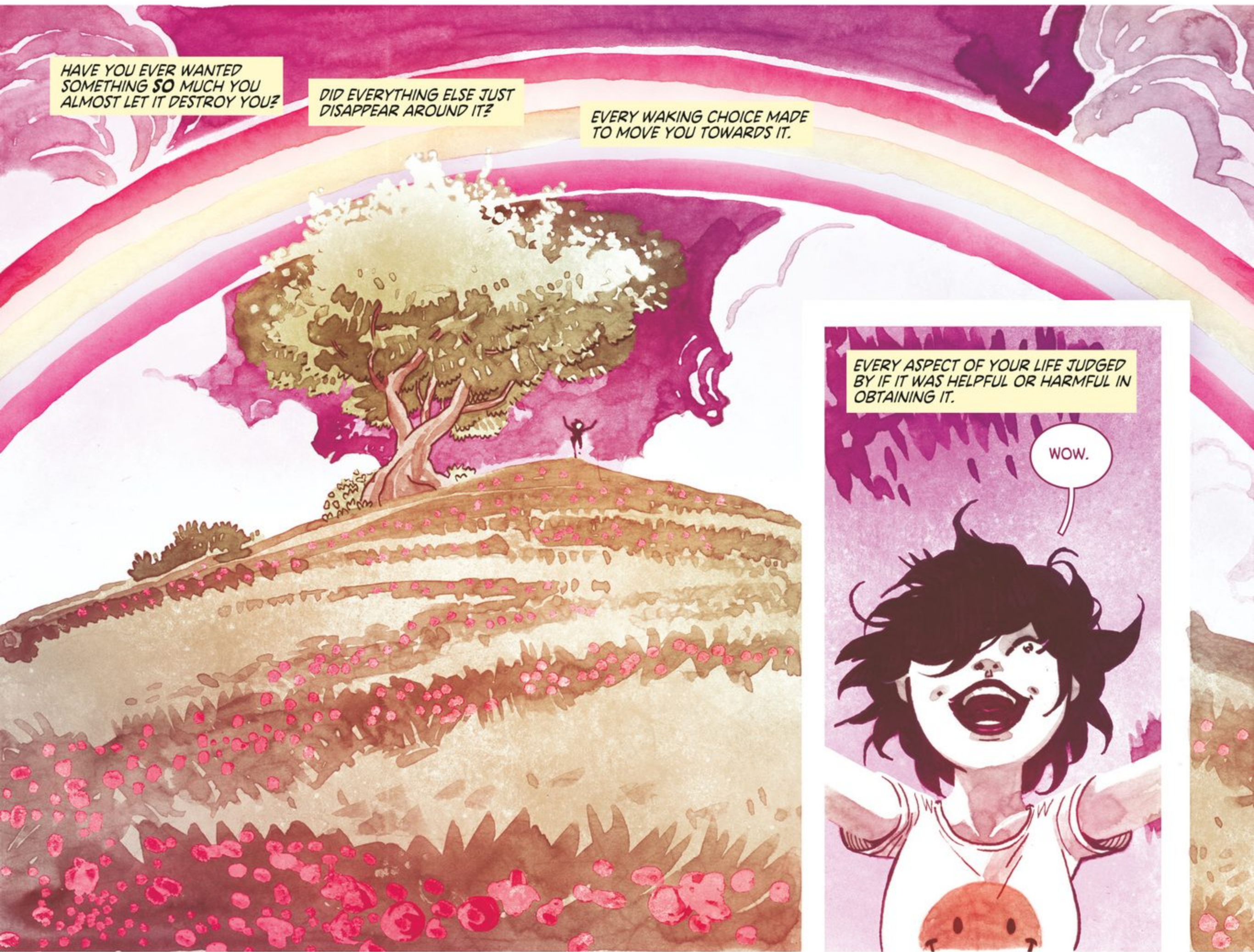
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GIANT GENERATOR



HAVE YOU EVER WANTED
SOMETHING **SO** MUCH YOU
ALMOST LET IT DESTROY YOU?

DID EVERYTHING ELSE JUST
DISAPPEAR AROUND IT?

EVERY WAKING CHOICE MADE
TO MOVE YOU TOWARDS IT.



EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR LIFE JUDGED
BY IF IT WAS HELPFUL OR HARMFUL IN
OBTAINING IT.

WOW.



YOU KNEW ONCE YOU HAD IT
YOU'D **FINALLY** BE HAPPY.



BUT THE PURSUIT
WAS DESTROYING
YOU, WASN'T IT?

SO
BEAUTIFUL.



CHANGING YOU INTO
SOMETHING... **WORSE**.

BUT MAYBE, JUST
MAYBE, AT THE LAST
SECOND, YOU DID THE
RIGHT THING AND
DIDN'T LET IT.



MAYBE IT DIDN'T
EVEN MATTER.

SNF



THEY SAY IT'S ALWAYS
DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN.

ARE YOU
LISTENING?

BUT, YOU KNOW,
SOMETIMES...

...IT JUST STAYS DARK.

DO YOU
REMEMBER
WHEN I BROKE
FATHER'S
SATSUMA VASE,
SAYA?

YOU TOOK
THE BLAME,
FATHER BEAT
YOU, THEN PRAISED
YOU FOR
PROTECTING
ME.

THAT I
FAILED TO STEP
FORWARD AND
OWN MY FAILURE...
HE NEVER LOOKED
AT ME QUITE THE
SAME. AS YOU
INTENDED.

AT THAT
MOMENT I
KNEW YOU
WERE NO
LONGER MY
SISTER.

YOU WERE MY
COMPETITION.

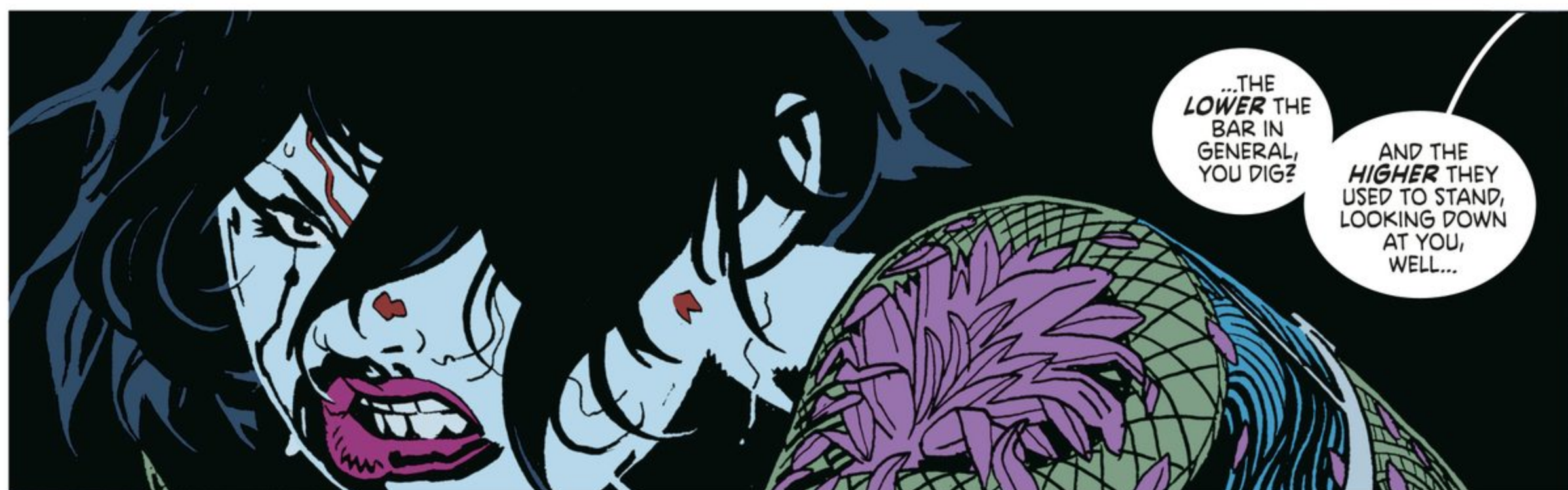


ONCE SHAMED,
BROUGHT DOWN
SO LOW... WHAT
IS ONE TO
DO?

ME?
I DRAG
OTHERS
DOWN
WITH ME.

NOTHING IS
TABOO WHEN
YOU'RE WITH
A **GROUP.**

THE MORE
YOU PULL
DOWN...



...THE
LOWER THE
BAR IN
GENERAL,
YOU DIG?

AND THE
HIGHER THEY
USED TO STAND,
LOOKING DOWN
AT YOU,
WELL...



...THOSE
ARE THE
SWEETEST
PRIZES.

WE COME
TO THIS WORLD
BRIGHT, BUBBLY
AND FULL OF
JOY.

THEN,
PIECE BY PIECE
WE'RE
DESTROYED.



EVENTUALLY,
EVERYONE
DISAPPOINTS
US.

AND THAT
DISILLUSIONMENT
NEVER STOPS
HURTING.

YOU
DID IT
TO ME.



SO, NOW
IT'S YOUR
TURN. YOU
HAD IT ALL,
SAYA...

NOW YOU
GET TO
WATCH ME
SET IT ON
FIRE.

AND QUAN
HAS DUG UP
SOME FINE
KINDLING.



MARCUS
LOPEZ
ARGUELLO.



ALIVE.

CAN YOU
BELIEVE
IT?

I'D HEARD
THAT YOUR HIGH
MARKS LAST
YEAR WERE
EARNED BY **HIS**
MURDER.



WHEN QUAN
TOLD ME, I
THOUGHT IT
WAS SORT OF
SWEET.

ALL YOU
WANT IN THE
WORLD IS TO
COME BACK HERE
AND *RUN* OUR
FAMILY THE WAY
FATHER DID.



AND YOU
RISKED ALL OF
THAT TO SAVE
THIS BOY'S
LIFE.

THAT'S THE
KIND OF
SELFLESS,
HEROIC THING
SOMEONE
DOES...



...WHEN
THEY'RE IN
LOVE.

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE,
KENJI?



RIGHT NOW,
A PACK OF KUROKI
WOLVES ARE IN THE
PROCESS OF KILLING
ALL OF YOUR
FRIENDS.

WITH THE
EXCEPTION
OF YOUR
LOVE
MARCUS.



I'LL
DELIVER
HIM TO
MASTER
LIN.

YOU'LL BE
EXPELLED.
SHAMED.

BUT, IT'S
NOT THE
END.

YOU
FUCKER.



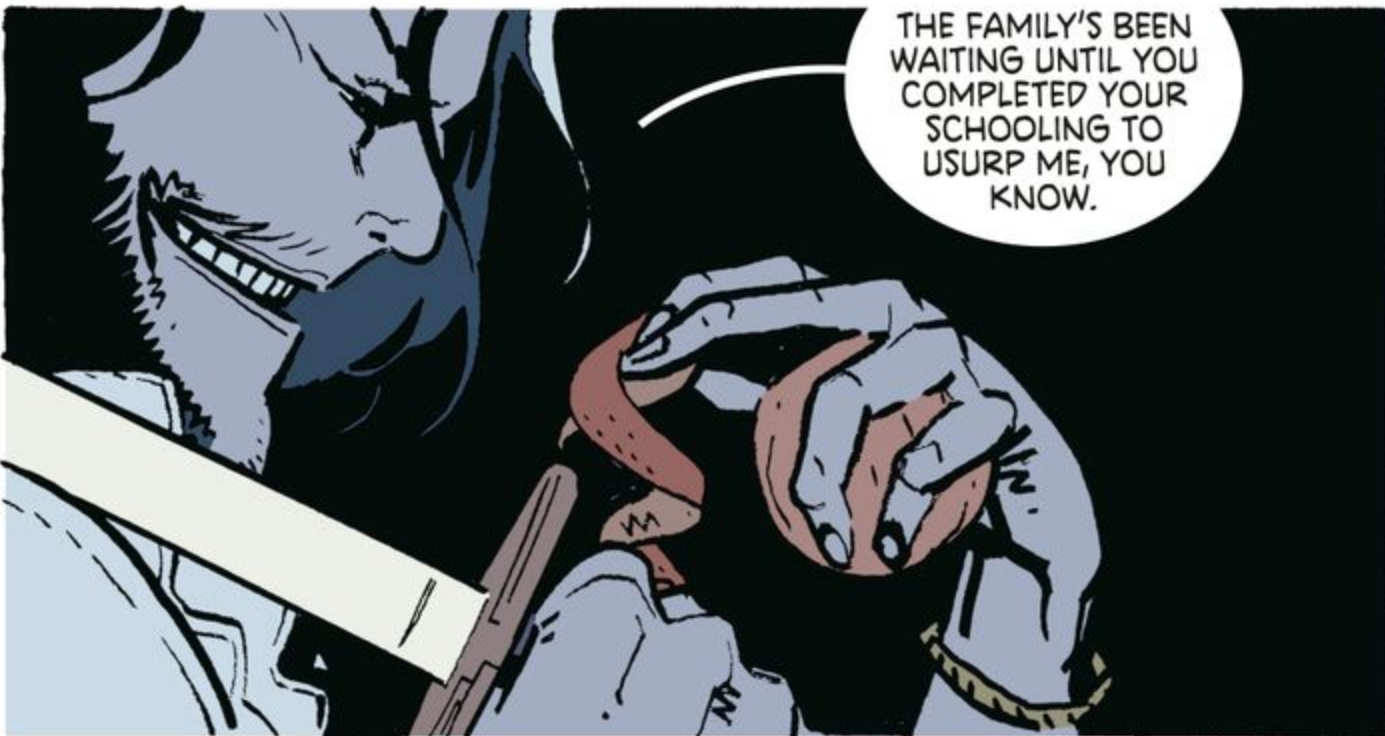
I LIVED THROUGH THE SHAME YOU PAINTED ME WITH.

THE ELDEST SON HAVING HIS FACE *SHAT* UPON BY THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.



YOU MUST HAVE FELT *SO* POWERFUL. THE WAY YOU MADE ME LOOK.

IT'S YOUR TURN TO *SURVIVE* THAT.



THE FAMILY'S BEEN WAITING UNTIL YOU COMPLETED YOUR SCHOOLING TO USURP ME, YOU KNOW.



WHAT OPTION DID YOU LEAVE ME?



YOU FORCED *ME* TO BREAK, DISCREDIT, AND HUMILIATE YOU IN FRONT OF THEM.

TO SHOW THEM *YOU'RE* THE WEAK ONE.

SKREE!



I'LL SHOW YOU WEAK!

SKREE!



IF MOTHER SAW WHAT'S BECOME OF YOU...

WELL, I KNOW HOW YOU *CHERISH* HER OPINION.



I KNOW WHAT IT WOULD DO TO YOU.

I'M NOT CRUEL, SAYA.

SO, I OFFER YOU ONE BIT OF A *LIGHT*...



AT LEAST
MOTHER
DIDN'T LIVE
TO SEE YOUR
GREAT
FALL.

PUERTO PEÑASCO.
NOVEMBER 26TH, 1988

«MOVE YOUR ASSES!»

«ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PESOS PER HEAD, ALL OUT THERE FOR THE TAKING!»

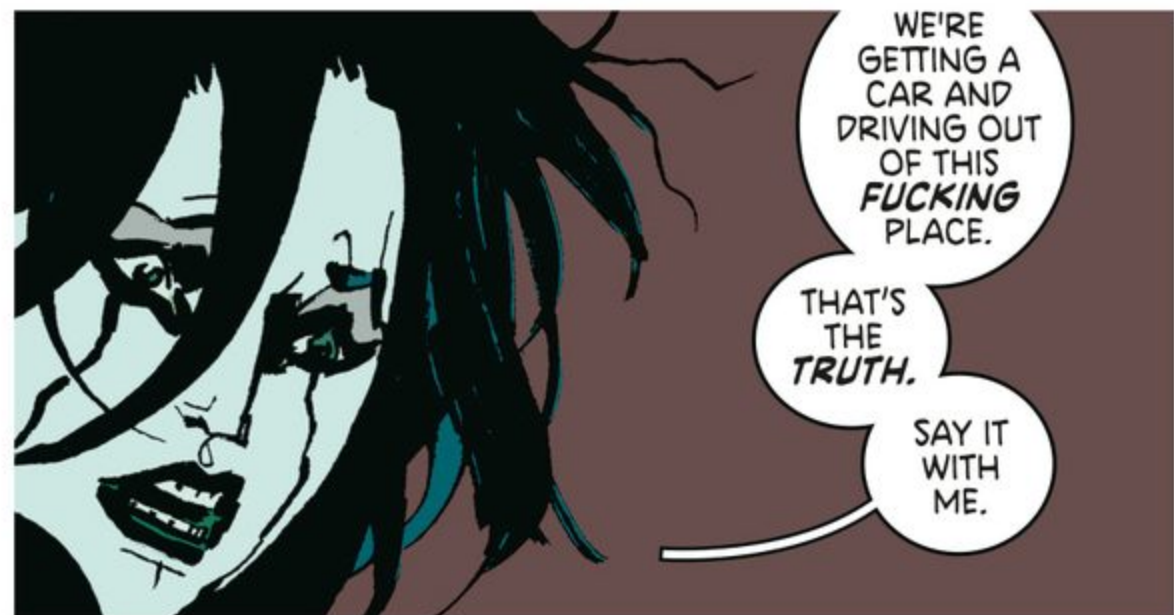
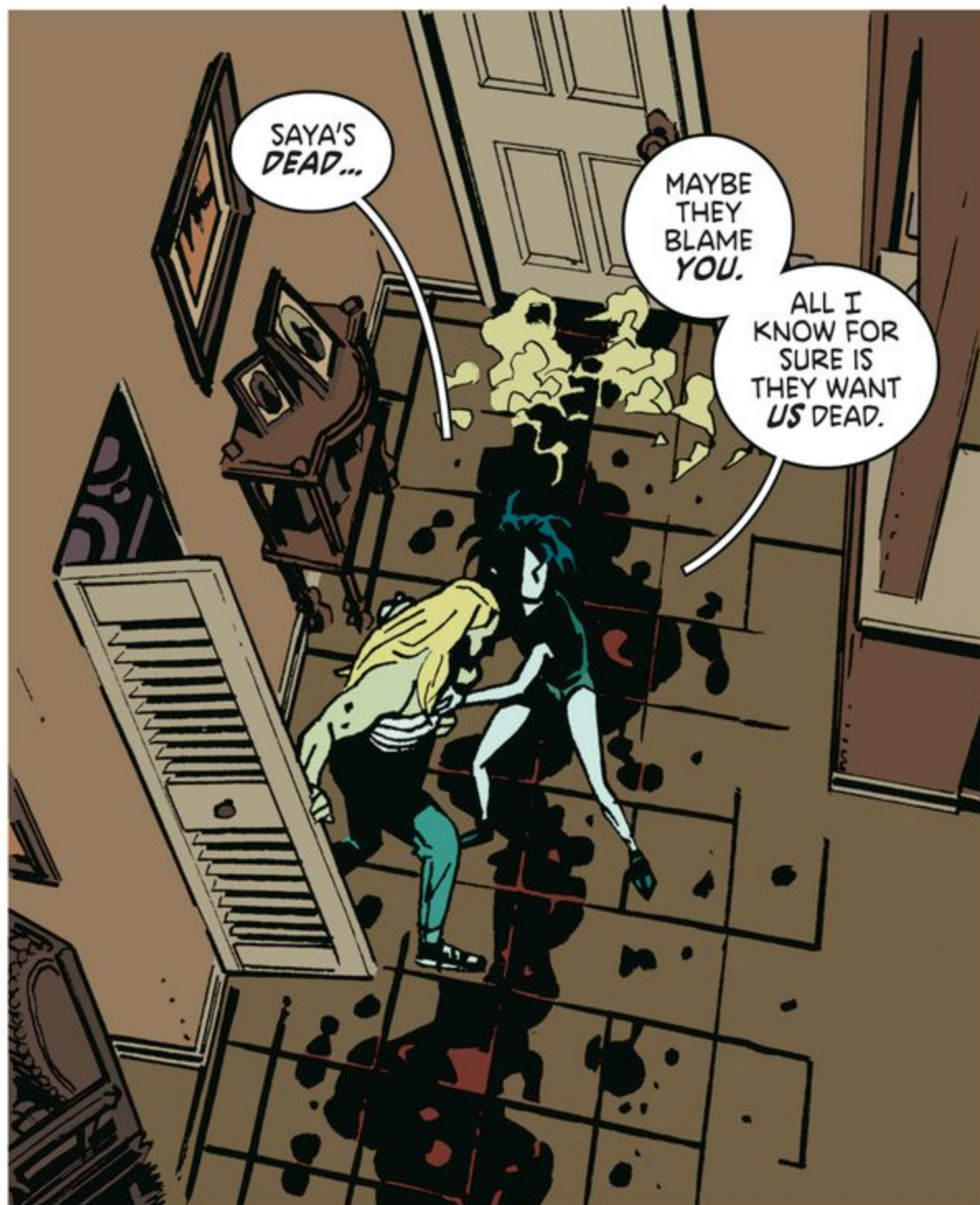
«SPREAD OUT, COVER THE AREA-- SHOOT ON SIGHT.»

TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.

«WHAT HAVE WE HERE...?»

TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.





"...NO ONE ELSE
GETS TO DIE."



ALL MY WEIGHT
THROUGH THE
SHOULDER AND
OUT THE PALM--

--HIS NOSE EXPLODES INTO
HIS FUCKING SKULL.



MASTER LIN'S FAVORITE LESSON.



SEE IT: RONALD REAGAN
PUSHING A SCHIZOPHRENIC
WOMAN OFF A BRIDGE.



SEE IT: MOM AND DAD
DIE IN FRONT OF ME.

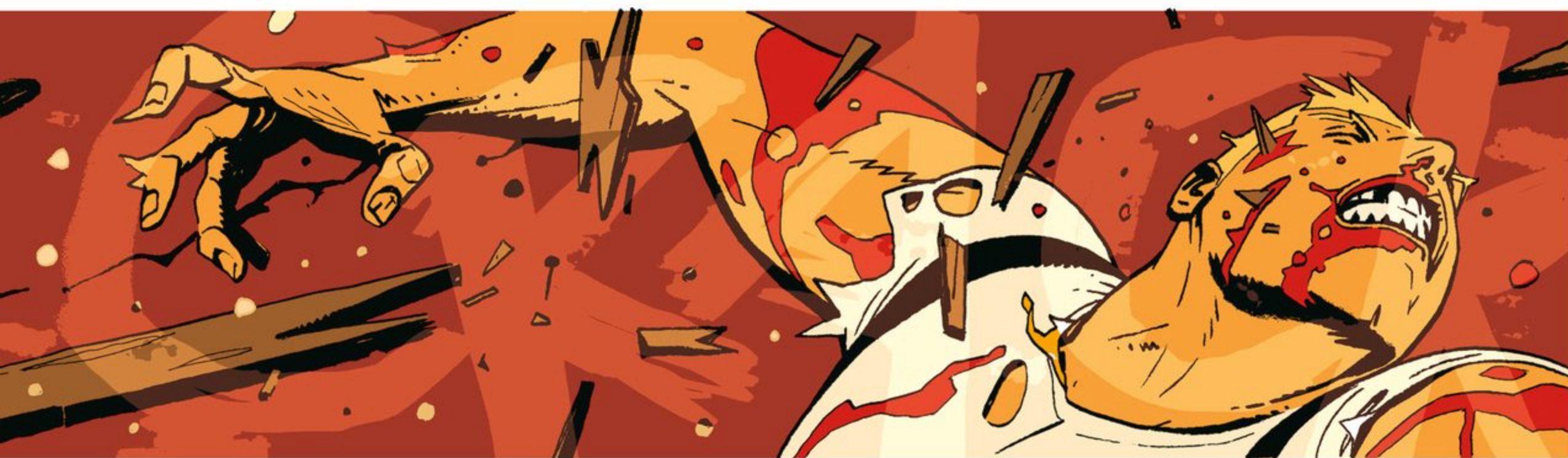


GOOD.

BUILD UP THE ANGER.





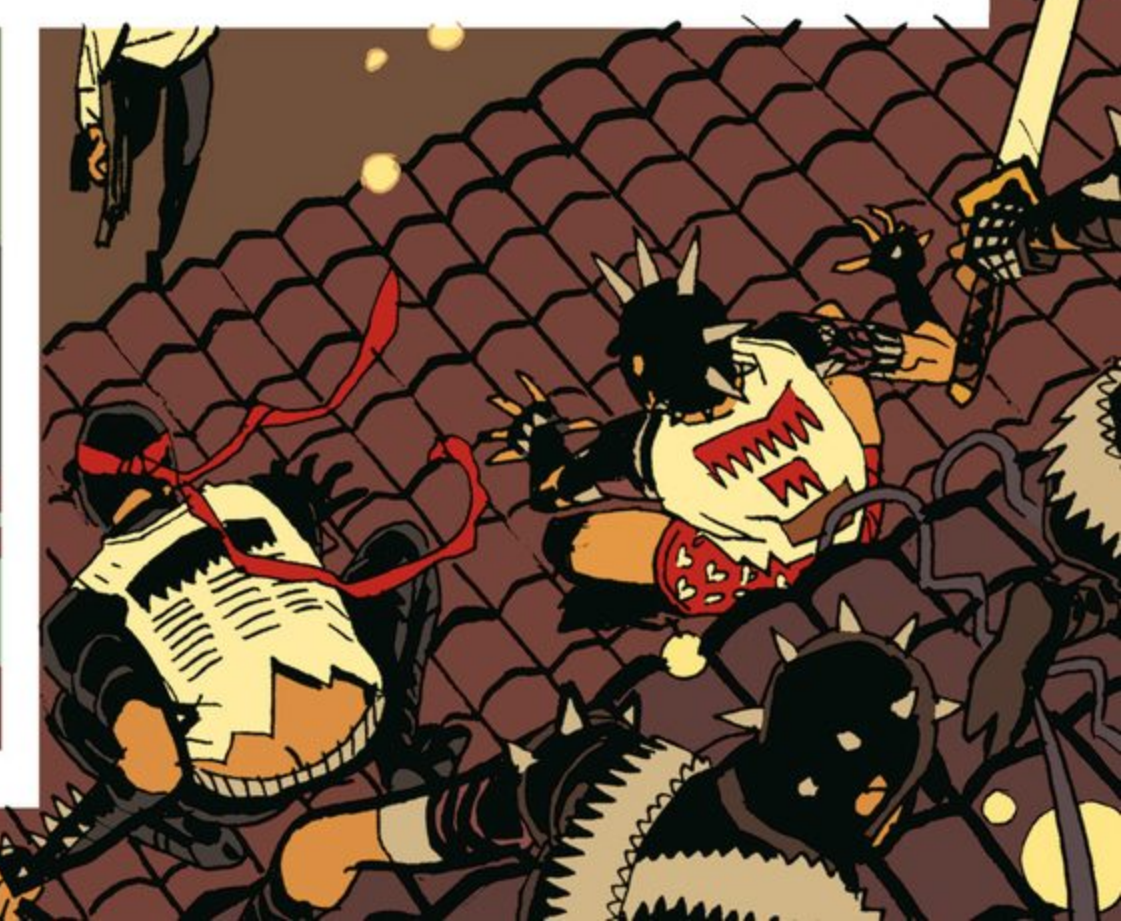








"I'll fuck their souls."





"MAYBE.

"BEFORE I WAS TEN.

"BEFORE WE WENT TO JOHANNESBURG.

"IT WAS HOT.

"THE KIND OF HUMID AIR THAT TASTED LIKE A GREEN HOUSE."



"SEE, I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING ON VACATION.

"BUT MOTHER AND FATHER HAD BUSINESS.

"BROUGHT ME ALONG TO SELL THE RUSE THAT WE WERE A NORMAL AND LOVING FAMILY."



"I DID MY BEST TO IGNORE WHAT WAS BEING SAID.

"BUT I UNDERSTOOD.

"THEY WERE TRAFFICKING SEX WORKERS."



"MY FATHER WANTED SOME MORE TERRITORY.

"BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE ALL THE MONEY HE'D PROMISED MR. STAKLE.

"MR. STAKLE SAID HE WOULD FRONT HIM THE MONEY."



"HE WOULD HOLD ONTO ME AS **COLLATERAL** UNTIL HE WAS REPAYED.

"BUT THAT WASN'T THE HORRIFYING PART."



"HORRIFYING WAS WHEN FATHER AGREED."



"I RAN."

"MOTHER STOPPED ME."



"PROMISED ME
IT WOULDN'T BE
FOR LONG."

"TOLD ME THAT
OUR FAMILY
DESPERATELY
NEEDED THIS."



"THEN IT ALL WENT SILENT."

"THEIR LIPS MOVED... BUT I
COULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING,
JUST BUZZING STATIC."



"AND THEN THE
DEVIL SPOKE
TO ME."

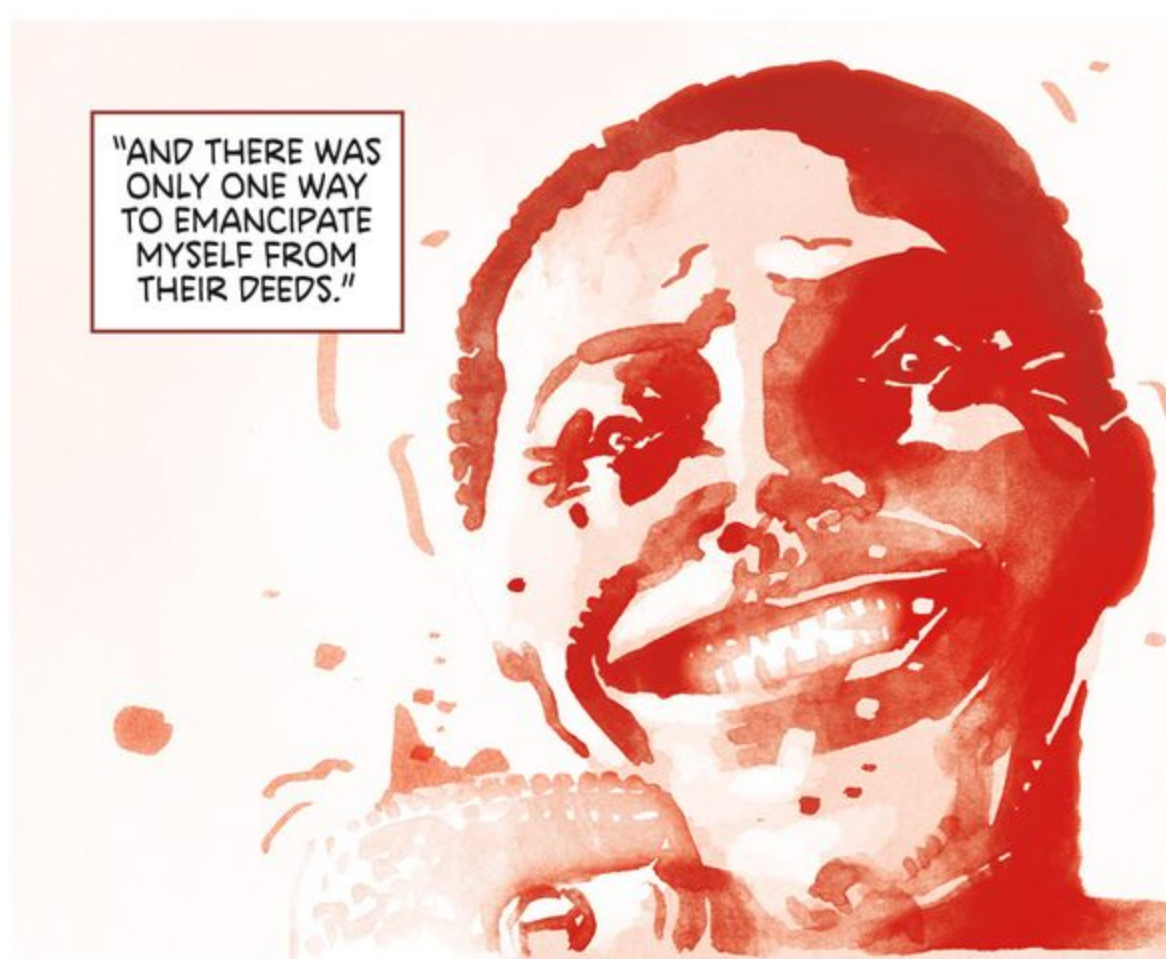
"HE USED
VULGAR
LANGUAGE."



"TOLD ME GOD HAD **FORSAKEN** ME."



"TOLD ME I'D BEEN
CURSED BY MY
PARENT'S **EVIL**."



"AND THERE WAS
ONLY ONE WAY
TO EMANCIPATE
MYSELF FROM
THEIR DEEDS."



"*ONE* WAY
TO WASH
AWAY SUCH
EVIL..."



"...WITH *MORE* EVIL."



I ENDED
UP LIVING
WITH MR.
STACKLE.

HE SAW
THE
DEVIL IN
ME.



WANTED ME
TRAINED TO USE
IT, TO BECOME
HIS PERFECT
BODYGUARD.

SENT ME
TO KINGS
DOMINION.

AND
I WENT.
YOU SEE,
TOSAHWI...

I AM
NOT
GOOD.



I AM A
VESSEL OF
SATAN.



STOP
IT.



THE ROTTEN SHIT PEOPLE
DO IS WHY THEY MADE
EVERYONE BELIEVE
IN GOD.

SOME
KIND OF HOPE
THERE'S AS
MUCH GOOD
AS--

HEY,
AKI!



YOU
CHECK IN
HERE?

DOOR TO
THIS KITCHEN
IS UNLOCKED.





A SHAME.
DIRTY
MOUTH LIKE
THAT...



...SO
MANY USES
FOR IT.

OH,
SHIT... IT'S
BRANDY.



THEY'RE
GONNA
KILL
HER!

WHAT
DO WE
DO, Z?



WE LET
THEM.

TO BE CONTINUED...

DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Send comments and questions to
[WriteRemender@gmail.com!](mailto:WriteRemender@gmail.com)
Mark letters "OK to print".

Is there anything quite like being totally and utterly exhausted? The kind of tired that you feel in your spine. That's where I'm at right now. I'm in the middle of working on a couple of TV shows while also trying to get the comic books done and still be available to my family and friends... it's become pretty exhausting this week. I know, I know high-class problems. First world problems. Of course. I'm not griping to you, lovely people. Just making an excuse as I have this letters page and I'm incapable of thinking of anything else to say.

How about that issue? Wes, Jordan, and Rus are world-class brilliant. As for the story, we're hitting one of those patches of white water on the river. I'm afraid some of the passengers are going to be thrown over and dashed against the rocks. Did I do that because I'm exhausted? No. This is an outline that has been in the works for a long time, though in all fairness I was probably exhausted when I wrote it then as well. Probably I should take a vacation. Maybe I will.

Anyway, we have some very nice people writing letters to us so let me try and get my shit together to give them a thoughtful response...

Deadly class goon crew:

So excited to see this book come back, and just like the cover illustration this issue was ON FIRE. So much action, so many crazy Yakuza goon meat grinding panels. My speeding heart goes out to you guys once again; please keep them

coming. I am worried though... I feel like you are setting me up to kill someone.... again... lol.

Anyways, seeing all these crazy scenes made it clear that I just can't wait to see the pilot and hopefully a full series on the screen soon. Any idea when we might be able to watch the pilot or news on the series progress?

Thanks!
Carlos Giffoni

You really can't go wrong with Wes Craig let loose to go crazy on pages like that. That was an issue where I got out of the way and let his art superpower blind you all with its incredible science. What a sight to behold. One of the all-time greats in the making.

As for the show, we are waiting with bated breath to find out if we will be doing a full season of the DEADLY CLASS show. The pilot is beautiful, after three years of working on it I might be biased, but everyone who's seen it has loved it, and that's a lot of industry types who judge things harshly. And my mom... and this show is definitely not aimed at moms.

Deadly Class is back, and the wait is always worth it. Immediately after reading issue #32 I knew I had to write in immediately. Wes Craig just created the art equivalent of a brick to the face. The action and all the movement... it feels criminal that comics can be read so quickly, and not to mention Jordan Boyd. His neon colors on Craig's art are like a surfer riding a wave in perfect harmony. That opening page

hit hard, Remender you articulated something I've felt before perfectly.

Edwin Miranda

I'm glad to hear that. For my part, trying to come up with identifiable ideas that tie into an authentic teenage experience is always the goal. So anytime anyone feels that sense of identification I've done my job. As for the art, what's left to say, Wes and Jordan are monsters. We love you and your entire family, Edwin. We want you to have the time of your life. We want to meet you on the river of joy and dance beneath an umber moon to the sounds of laughter and chaos. Dance, sweet Edwin. Dance.

Hello, Rick and the DC crew,

Thanks for making a comic good enough to actually motivate me to write into something. I had planned to write this shortly after reading issue #31, but then I realized how long it was until the next issue, so I procrastinated aaand now here I am submitting just over a week before the release of #32.

I saw you back in November at Golden Age Collectables in Vancouver. I hadn't read #31 at the time, and you told me how happy I'd be with you all hinged on that issue. You have no idea how worried I was on the way home that you had killed (another) one of my favourites off. Thankfully, the issue was actually one of my favourites so far (and no one that I didn't want dying died); it was on par in levels of excitement with the return of Marcus & Maria.

The final page of that issue is probably one of my favourites from the entire series. Whenever I get the opportunity to have stuff scribbled on by you again, I definitely want to grab one on that page.

I'm excited to see how everything plays out, though I'm not optimistic about it. I just don't think there's going to be a happy ending. When Marcus finds out what Petra did to Billy, and consequently Helmut finds out what Marcus is probably going to do to Petra, I don't think words will be enough for anyone. That on top of a ballistic Viktor and an MIA Saya.

Also, I noticed all the trades of Strange Girl are named after songs by The Smiths, and I was wondering if there was some sort of theme or inspiration behind the Black Science

trade titles. They're all so cool sounding!

Thanks for creating so many awesome stories.

Regards,
Zach

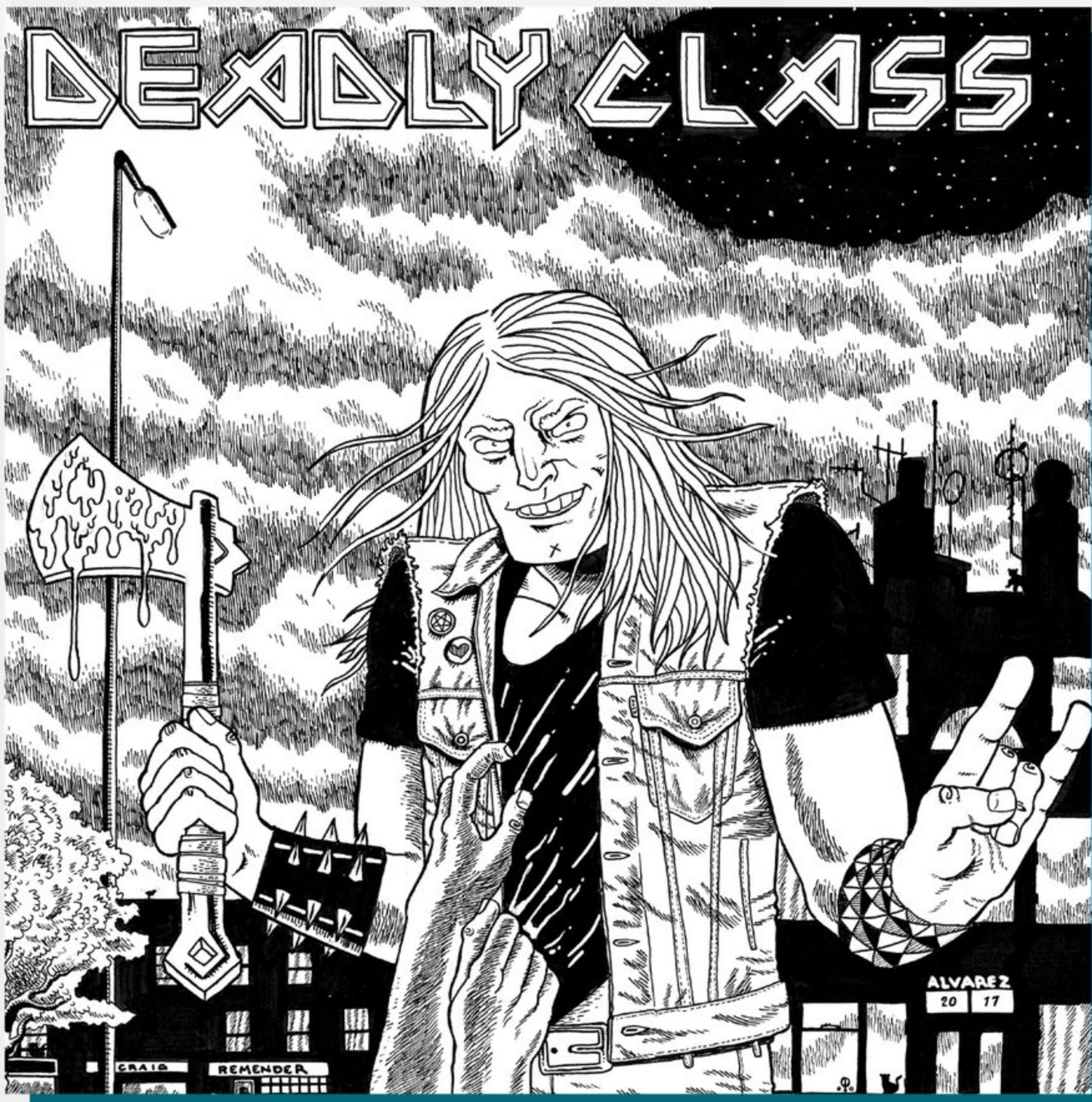
Thank you, Zach. The signing in Vancouver was wonderful. Everybody who came out was so friendly and I had so many fun conversations. I sort of dread going to those things (file under agoraphobic troglodyte) but as soon as I get there and meet everybody, I am so glad I went.

Unfortunately, not all of the cast is going to make it out of the story. But we're building to something that I don't think anyone will see coming. The true mission statement of this book will be revealed in the next eight issues.

The book titles for STRANGE GIRL are indeed named after The Smiths' songs, for DEADLY CLASS the titles are named after other 80s albums/songs that I love, for TOKYO GHOST the trades were named after Bad Religion songs that seemed apt (still my favorite band), for LOW and BLACK SCIENCE I just make up things that feel true to the story that also hopefully sound intriguing.

Thank you all for supporting our comic book. We never take for granted being able to create stories exactly the way we want to and share them with you. It's an expensive habit, and there are a lot of titles vying for your dollar, just know that we love you more than those other people.

I'm going to go pass out now, Rick



ART BY
CHRISTOPHER ALVAREZ

THE DEADLY ARTS

We welcome your fanart! Send them with the email marked "OK TO PRINT" to: WriteRemender@gmail.com.



ART BY GAVIN SMITH



ART BY VIC HOLLINS
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COMING SOON FROM GIANT GENERATOR



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FROM THE
NEW YORK TIMES
BESTSELLING
RICK REMENDER
& FAMED FRENCH
ILLUSTRATOR BENGAL

DEATH OR GLORY™

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FOUR HEISTS,
THREE DAYS,
TWO PSYCHOPATHS,
AND ONE WOMAN
WHO'S HAD ENOUGH.



MAY 2018

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just really dense, smart stuff. Don't miss it!"

—Robert Kirkman

"Very much the opulent fantasy you'd expect."

—Kieron Gillen

"Will suck you in, chew
you up, and spit you out."

—Nerdist

"Has the potential to be
thrilling and strange, and
we need more of that in
comics."

—Comics Alliance

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—UPROXX

"There are few sure-fire pairings in
life. The sandwich industry lives on
peanut butter and jelly. Cinema has
its Han Solos and its Chewbaccas.
And in comics, we have Rick
Remender and Jerome Opeña."

—IGN

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